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From the Democratic Review.
**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
FERRETT SNAPP NEWCAST, ESQ.**
Being a full Exposition and Exemplification of
"THE CREDIT SYSTEM."

I designedly omit the place of my birth, that
being a matter of some doubt to myself, inas-
much as from my earliest recollection I led a
sort of miscellaneous life, seldom remaining
long in the same place, and moving about as
occasion made necessary or convenient. My
family, though poor, was of great antiquity, and
withal respectable, since I have heard my father
say, not one of his ancestors had ever to his
knowledge, degraded himself by following any
regular occupation. The only tainted limb of
the family tree was our grandfather who was
ignominiously bound apprentice to a cobbler;
but thank Heaven, he ran away before he took
a degree, and became distinguished as all our
race have been, by "living by their wits"—an
expressive phrase which distinguishes the happy
few from the miserable many, who are justly
condemned to live by the sweat of the brow,
seeing they cannot live by the sweat of the brain.
The consequence is, that the latter have a
foolish prejudice against the former, arising, no
doubt, from an innate sense of inferiority.

My early education was like my mode of life,
rather miscellaneous. In fact setting aside a lit-
tle smattering of reading, writing, and cyphering,
that I obtained, at various times, it consisted
principally in the example and precepts of my
father. As we rambled from town to town—
for my father seldom remained long in one
place, on account, he said, of the envy and ill-
will he would excite by the superiority of his wits—
he would stop and call my attention to a fall of
water, a little murmuring river a particular point
of land or some other matter, and tell me what
a speculation he could make out of it if he only
had the money. In one place, he would erect
a great manufactory; in another, make the river
navigable; in a third, found a city; and in a
fourth, cut a canal that would enrich the whole
country. So far as I could judge, at that time,
his sole dependence was on these castles in the
air, which he never realized, except in the way
of now and then persuading some poor dolt of
a workingman, who had saved a little money, to
embark in some one of his speculations, which I
confess almost always failed, for want, as my
said, of a proper credit system founded on father
paper money. But though they failed, my father
always managed to take care of himself which
he affirmed was the first duty of man, and so
save enough from the wreck to serve him till he
could hatch some other speculation.

When I grew old enough to think a little for
myself, and observed the ingenious devices by
which my father wrought on the credulity of
these egregious blockheads, that sense of justice
which I used to believe innate in the nature of
man, would rise against such mischievous de-
ceptions; and I remember I once ventured to
express myself rather ingeniously on the sub-
ject. His reply at once opened my mind to
that new and sublime theory which has ever
since been the governing principle of my life.
"My son," said he, "what do you suppose
constitutes the superiority of man over all other
animals?"

I mumbled up my scholarship, and replied—
"His reason, sir."
"Good," said he, "it follows, then,
that reason being his great characteristic, it was
the designed of Providence, that he should live
by his reason—in other words, by his wits—
and that, therefore, it is his bounden duty to
make the most of them. Do you understand?"
"I think I do, sir. But he should not make
use of his wits to deceive others. Justice?"
"Justice? Where did you get these queer
notions, boy?"

"From nature, I believe, sir."
"Nature is a son of a—tinker?—and the
sooner we turn it out of doors the better. This
is the object of all education. The impulses
of nature are the mere errors of ignorance and
what philosophers call a knowledge of the world
—which, by the way, is worth all other knowl-
edge—consists solely in sharpening our wits,
and preparing us to take advantage of the dull-
ness of others. Scrupulous blockheads call this
deception, but you may depend upon it, it is
nothing but a justifiable use of our wits. Nay,
it is not only justifiable, but obligatory; for not
to make use of the faculties bestowed on us by
nature, or acquired by experience, would be
flying in the face of our maker. It would be a
most criminal negligence. Do you remember
the parable of the talents?"

"I think I have some sort of recollection of
it."
"Well, what is the moral of it? Is it not that
the great duty of man is to turn a penny, and
make money as fast as he can?"

"But, sir, I think he ought to make it honestly."

"Pooh—you're a blockhead. There is not
one word about honesty in the whole parable."

This, and various similar conversations, to-
gether with the daily example of my father, and
his perpetual turmoil about speculations, gave a
radical turn to my mind and fixed my destiny
for life. I saw very clearly that mankind were
condemned to labor, not for their one benefit,
but that of others; and that inasmuch as the
wits of a man are the noblest part of him it was
but just they should live at the expense of those
democratic physical powers, which were un-
doubtedly intended for that special purpose.

One of the greatest resources of my father,
who was a decided enemy to hard work, was
the invention of labour saving-machines. I re-
member to have heard him boast that he had,
during his life, taken out patents for a hundred
and thirty-seven contrivances of this sort, many
of which he sold out to the country farmers and
village mechanics, for he had a most slip-
pery tongue, and a keen wit, which he often
assured me were specially given to enable him
to earn a honest livelihood. I have long ago
forgot the greater portion of these labor-saving
machines; but I remember there was one for
scalding pigs without heating the water, and
another for churning butter by an ingenious ap-
plication of the well-pole, while the good wo-
men were lowering and hoisting the bucket.
We lived comfortable three months on these in-
ventions, at the end of which time the ignorant
country people began to be so jealous of the
superiority of my father's wits, that they threat-
ened to tar and feather him, and subject me to
the new patent scalding machine.

I short the country was becoming rather
warm for us, and my father determined to seek
not only a wider sphere of action, but of impu-
nity, in the principal city of that section of
country which had hitherto been the scene of
the triumphs of his wits.

"Ferret, my son," said he, one day, just after
a great ignorant country, booby, who had paid
his last five dollars for the use of the patent
scalding contrivance, had called him various
unseemly names, and threatened to prosecute
him for swindling—"Ferret, my son there is no
longer any living among these hard-working
Cyclops, who have no respect for the triumphs
of superior intellect, and prefer brute force to
mother wit. Besides, these 'big-pawed fel-
lows'—my father was the inventor of this phrase
—have such a stupid respect for industry, that
they are apt to despise their betters, who live
by their wits, according to the instinct of reason,
and the decrees of Providence. I am going to
the great city of Ragamuffinville, where there
is elbow-room for the exercise of one's wits,
and I can turn dollars where I now only turn
pennies."

Accordingly we departed for the great city to
seek our fortunes in a more enlarged sphere of
action. As we proceeded along, my father
whiled away the time by pointing out a variety
of excellent speculations. I had but a confused
notion of the precise meaning of this word;
and to this day I confess the distinction between
making a great speculation and "taking in" a fel-
low creature, is not precisely clear to my mind.
How far a man may use his superior wit or ex-
perience in getting the better of ignorance and
simplicity, is a question, as my father used to
say, which every one must decide for himself.

"There, now," said he, as we passed the
house of an honest farmer—"There is a fellow
who might double the value of his farm and live
like a fighting cock, if he would only drain that
great swamp, blow up that ledge of rocks, sprin-
kle a few hundred bushels of plaster over it, lay
it down in grass, and stock it with the short horn
breed."

I replied in the simplicity of my heart—
"I suppose sir, he has not the means of doing
this."

"Ah! Ferret, there's the thing. The whole
world is, as it were, standing still for want of
means. There is not half enough money in the
world to supply the new development of specu-
lation; and the possibility of supplying this
want so as to keep pace with the spirit of the
age—do you understand me, boy?—is what
employs my mind day and night. The diffi-
culty of getting money has always appeared to
me a great defect in the scheme of Providence,
and were that only got over, man would be all
but omnipotent. I believe this to be possible,
and have a sort of dim conception working its
way in my brain, which, if I can only bring it
to maturity, will produce the greatest revolution
that has happened in the world since the deluge,
and relieve man from that cruel denunciation
that he should earn his bread by the sweat of
his brow, which always gives me an ague when-
ever I hear it from the pulpit."

I requested my father to explain his project,
but he only replied, patting his forehead—"It
is here, boy, here, but I can't explain it yet, at
least to your mind. One of these days I may
let you into the secret—at present we have oth-
er fish to fry." This conversation set my
thoughts in motion. I pondered almost with-
out intermission on the subject, which gradually
opened upon me as I advanced, step by step,
until I conceived the sublime idea, which, as
will appear in the sequel, I afterwards carried
into effect, and with such consequences as have
astonished and confounded the world.

Just as my father concluded his last remark,

we came in sight of a little tailor's shop, in a
village by the road side, through the open win-
dow of which, we could see the owner stitching
away with great animation, and jerking his el-
bow in a most spasmodic style. Observing that
he had some business with the tailor, who, as
it soon appeared, was a simple good-natured
soul, of great faith and little experience, my fa-
ther told me to follow him, say nothing, and be
sure not to laugh. Several suits of clothes were
hanging out of doors as a lure for customers.

My father subdued the master of the shop,
who stopped his elbow for an instant, raised his
eyes, gave him a nod, and then went on at a
great rate, as if he wished to make up for lost
time. My father then inquired if he had any
ready made clothes to suit himself and son, at
which the little man pricked his ears, stuck his
needle into his work, and jumped from his shop-
board with the elasticity of a bull-frog.

"Suits? Fit? my dear sir, I have clothes to
fit any body, from a giant to a dwarf."

He began to pull down his paraphernalia with
his usual celebrity; and to make short of a
long story, we were soon fitted. I wondered
how they were to be paid for, as I happened to
know my father had a considerable more wit
than money. But I was soon enlightened on
the subject.

"Friend Dibdill," said he, "your clothes fit
better than if they had been made for us; what
would they have done had you actually taken
measure?"

The little man showed his teeth at this com-
pliment, but made no answer, except repeating
the word "friend," three or four times with
great rapidity, in a tone of interrogation to
which my father responded.

"Aye, friend Dibdill, but I believe you don't
recollect me, though we have met several times
at the Rev. Mr. Snorgrace's meeting. Don't
you remember what a refreshing time we had
about seven years ago at the great sermon
about earthquakes?"

"Bless me!" cried the tailor—"To be sure
I do, but I don't remember to have seen you
there."

"Sure—you don't say so? Why I was one
of those who lifted you up, brother Dibdill,
when you were struck down, and carried you
into the air, where you waked up, singing Hal-
lelujah. Don't you remember?"

The tailor reflected awhile.

"Why, yes, now I think of it, I think I do.—
I'm much obliged to you, brother. What a
shaking there was among the dry bones that
day," rubbing his hands. "But may I crave
your name?"

"Pumpelly," answered my father, looking
significantly at me.

"Oh! yes—may be a relation of old Squire
Pumpelly, the rich old coger that lives across
the river.—I've heard he's as rich as King Solo-
mon. Any relation?"

"His brother," replied my father, with an
air of conscious dignity.

"Well, if ever I who'd have thought it!"
cried the other, looking rather significantly at
my father's costume, which was somewhat
weather beaten.

"Yes, his youngest brother. I'm on my
way there now, after an absence of several
years, in which I have been rather roughly
handled, as you see. But my brother has writ-
ten me to come and live with him." Here my
father began rummaging his pockets.

"Plague take it! what can have gone with the letter?
O, now I remember I left it in my trunk at the
Ferry House down yonder. But to business,
friend Dibdill. I didn't like to appear before
my brother, the Squire, in such a poor pickle
as this, and so I thought I'd rig myself and boy
out a little, that we might not disgrace him. I
went first to the shop down yonder by the fer-
ry, but the fellow's clothes, I believe, were
made with a marlin spike, after measuring with
a broomstick."

The tailor rubbed his hands and chuckled at
this, but had the magnanimity not to run down
his rival.

"Now to come to the point, my good friend,"
continued my father. "I have not quite en-
ough cash, at present, to pay for these things,
and so I will give you the choice, either to wait
till I can see my brother, the Squire, or take
an order on him for the money. What say
you? decide quick—for if you wait do either,
I must e'en take up with the bungling work of
your neighbor yonder, who almost forced his
trumpetry upon my back."

The tailor considered a moment, moving his
elbows backwards and forwards, from the mere
force of habit, as if he was stitching, and then,
modestly, and rather hesitatingly, as if fearful
of giving offence, decided in favor of the order
on Squire Pumpelly. This was accordingly
given, and we departed in triumph, in a quick
step. The tailor slipped upon his shop board,
and the last I saw of him he was stitching it a-
way with infinite glee.

I am not ashamed to confess—for I am
grown wiser now—that I felt a sort of vague
perception, that this operation of my father was
not altogether justifiable. Indeed, ventured to
hint as much, but his answer silenced my scruples
forever.

"Ferret," said he, "I ought to have bound
you apprentice to that simpleton of a tailor, for
I fear I shall never make a gentleman of you."

The world will say I have cheated the fellow,
for it is always taking things by the wrong
handle, and you seem to think so too. I main-
tain on the contrary, that I have paid him double
and treble the value of these clothes in the les-
son I have given. The experience he will ac-
quire before many days are over, will guard him
from future losses of the kind, and if he makes
a proper use of it, enable him to practice the
same game on others. The fact is, boy, in the
scale of strict justice, he owes me for half a
dozen suits, instead of my being indebted to
the stupid hard-working blockhead. How I
hate to see a rascal's elbow moving at such a
rate."

"Hadn't we better go back, father, and dun
him for the balance he owes you?" asked I.

"Hum—not just now, my son, I'm in too
great a hurry to get to Ragamuffinville."

Accordingly we mended our pace, and in
due time arrived safe at the great city of Raga-
muffinville, where my father took lodgings in
one of the most expensive and fashionable es-
tablishments of the place, observing to me,
"that persons who lived by the superiority of
their wits, should always go to such places in
preference to obscure taverns. The very fact
of stopping at a splendid hotel, was a sort of
letter of credit among those two-legged animals
who were created as objects for men of wit to
practice upon."

The day after our arrival, my father gave me
three dollars, telling me, at the same time, that
for the present I must expect nothing more
from him but good advice and good example.

"Do you see that little red flag flying over
the door yonder? That is the place where
great bargains can sometimes be made. Go
and try your wits against the auctioneer, and
if you come off triumphantly, I predict your
fortune is made. You will be a match for the
greatest shaver in the land."

I obeyed his commands, and came back a
"lame duck," as my father called me. The
man of the hammer had made a speculation
out of me, that is, he had taken me in. The
mode in which he circumvented me was worth
ten times the money, and was, in fact, the
foundation of the vast property I afterwards
possessed, and which, if I could only have paid
for, would have made a little German Prince
of me. But I lost all as will appear in the
sequel, by some unlucky democratic experi-
ments, which I revenged myself upon, by cal-
ling them "Specie Humbug," "Infamous
Scheme," &c. The manoeuvres of the auc-
tioneer are too precious to be detailed to the
public. I keep them for the special use of myself
and confidential friends.

My father scolded and laughed at me at
the same time. "Ferret," said he, "I did not
intend to give you another cent as long as I
lived. But the first error of inexperience is
excusable. Here are two dollars more—go
and try your fortune again; but recollect if
you suffer yourself to be bamboozled this time
you are no longer a son of mine. Take care how
you disgrace yourself by another bad bargain."

I took the money, and proceeded somewhat
disconsolate and mortified along the street, run-
ning over the process by which I had been tak-
en in by the little auctioneer. All at once, the
lecture of my father on the advantage the tailor
had derived from the experiment on his cre-
dulity, occurred to me, and I determined to
turn the opportunity. This soon presented
itself, and by a process which I shall keep to
myself for the reasons just specified, I suc-
ceeded, not only in retrieving my former loss,
but making a snug penny besides. My father
received me in triumph, and such was his a-
wakened confidence in the superiority of my
wits, that from that hour he predicted my fu-
ture eminence. This incident was, indeed, the
first step in the ladder.

By good luck an eminent broker happened
to hear the particulars of my last exploit. He
was struck with the masterly genius it dis-
played; and being a most liberal patron of merit,
at once offered to take me into his employment.
Accordingly, I descended into his cellar, where
for a time, I was told to look sharp, listen to
everything, and say nothing. Here was a no-
ble school to awaken the powers of my mind,
and the exercise of my wits.

The head of the house, or rather the cellar
was one of the most profound men of his time,
as a proof of which it is only necessary to state,
that he began business with no capital but his
wits, lived like a prince for several years, with-
out ever being worth a dollar, and finally failed
for some millions. Here was a sublime genius
for you. "Here"—to use the words of my
father—"Here is the great Archimedes who
can move a world by putting his lever upon
nothing."

This great man watched me narrowly for
some months after my first entering into his
employment, preparatory to entrusting me in his af-
fairs. There was an old woman who had a
table where she sold apples, cakes and other
small wares, which frequently excited my long-
ing, and as she carried on the business just
within the window of our cellar, I was tempted to trade
with her whenever I had money. On these oc-
casions, my master watched me closely, and
the result of his investigations was exhibited
in an increasing confidence. By degrees, he
opened to me the mysteries of the shaving bus-

iness, and displayed to my mind all the wonders
of an invisible world, appealing to the imagina-
tion instead of the senses.

The glorious mysteries of kiting, horseracing,
and other occult matters connected with the
sublime science of raising the wind; the
manner in which the credit system is built up
and sustained, without any thing but itself to
stand upon; the masterly process by which any
amount of ideal money may be conjured out of
nothing, like the spirit from the cloud, and made
to represent ten times the amount of the same
sum if it were real; these and some other of
the "great principles," which constitute the
sublime of the new credit system, he could not
present to me for as yet they had no existence,
except in the heated chaos of my mind, which
from the period in which I received this first
practical insight into the great money, or rather
credit kingdom, continued to boil and bubble
with the fever heat of grand conceptions, fight-
ing their way from a faint embryo to a glorious
maturity.

But the lessons of my master were of the
highest use to me notwithstanding. Like streaks
of sky, at early dawn, they prepared the way
for the god of light and leisure, and at the
same time, taught me to take advantage of the
mid-day splendor, which soon after opened up-
on me.

The city of Ragamuffinville, just about this
time, suddenly awakened to a perception of its
future greatness, and it came to pass that every
body began to live on anticipation. They look-
ed forward about a hundred years, and saw at
the end of the long vista a vision of grandeur
and prosperity that set them all mad. They forgot
that a hundred years was a long while, that he
who incurred a debt, in the expectation of re-
ceiving a great profit at the end of that time,
was very likely to die, before he could realize
his anticipations.

Suddenly, there was a great and increasing
demand for money, for all the world had be-
come borrowers, to invest in lots, in order to
take advantage of the great rise in value a hun-
dred years hence. The precious metals not
being of a ductile nature, and incapable of ex-
panding fast enough to suit these great exigen-
ces, it became indispensable that some substi-
tute should be found, more suitable to the spirit
of the age, and the newly discovered wants of
the community.

My master every day lamented to me the
contracted sphere of operations to which his
genius was confined, by what he called the "in-
famous Specie Humbug," meaning the stupid
attachment mankind had inherited from the dark
ages, to what they called a standard of value,
which he exclaimed in a paroxysm of enthusiasm,
"I would, in a short time, possess the world!"

I brooded on this idea from morning till night,
and sometimes lay awake for hours, thinking
on the glorious hope of its successful accom-
plishment. I often asked myself what was the
basis of the value of everything in the world,
and at length came to the conclusion that it was
the general estimation of mankind. I then pro-
ceeded to investigate the possibility of substituting
an imaginary, for a real value, and appealing to
human credulity as its basis. Mankind, thought
I, worship false gods, adopt false opinions, and
arrive at false conclusions. Many believe the
moon is made of green cheese; is it not possi-
ble to make them believe that what is worth
nothing intrinsically, is just as good as a thing
of inestimable value, provided it will exchange
for just as much? What, proceeded I, was the
intrinsic value of a fathom of Wampum and yet
in times, you could purchase a farm with it
from the Indians. I forgot at that time that
this Wampum was the product of labor, and
therefore represented the value of all the labor
bestowed upon it.

While my mind was struggling to emerge
from the twilight of these conceptions, into the
meridian day, my master began, by degrees,
to employ me in transactions which became,
every day, more important and consequential.
In the course of them, I daily acquired new
ideas and new experience. I learned the art
of evading the laws against usury, without sub-
jecting myself to the penalty of their violation;
I mastered all the mysteries of the business in
which I was engaged; and in good time be-
came such an adept that I could practically
define to a hair the precise line which separa-
ted a lucky speculation from an act of down-
right swindling. I could tell to the utmost nic-
ety, how far it was lawful to play on credulity
and ignorance, and the extent to which decep-
tion might be carried without constituting a
fraud. In short, I could see my way clear in
the darkest transaction, and split a hair with
my eyes shut.

I was gradually, though not actually a part-
ner, admitted sometimes to a share in the
profits when I had made a good hit, and soon
found myself in possession of a snug little sum.
With this, having the approbation of my mas-
ter, I commenced business on my own account
and considered my fortune as good as made
when, by his influence, I was admitted a mem-
ber of the Board of Brokers, which under the
present severe laws against every other species
of play, enjoys a monopoly of gambling.

In truth, it was carried on upon a great scale.
Not a day passed that some of us, who, "cer-

haps, was not worth one-fiftieth part of the money, did not play stakes for thousands, and buy or sell what neither possessed, or what, in fact, had no existence. But every thing was done in the most gentlemanly manner, and all the members were strictly governed by the point of honor, which consisted in taking every possible advantage of each other.

The entire process was a war between buyer and seller. One member would for example, offer a thousand shares of some fancy stock; that is, a stock which had no definite value and another accept the offer, although the former had not a single share, and the latter not a single dollar to pay for one. The stock was to be delivered at a certain specified time, and here commenced a great struggle on the part of the buyer and seller, one to depress the other to raise the price of the stock, by rumors calculated to affect it one way or the other. It was on one occasion of this kind that I made my first great speculation.

Happening to overhear a bargain of this kind, for a vast number of shares in a certain contemplated rail road, a lucky thought came into my mind. Without losing a moment, I went and purchased, on time, every share of this stock in the market, and of consequence, the person who had contracted to deliver the amount of shares, which was very large, was under the absolute necessity of applying to me when the period of delivery arrived. You may depend, I made him pay handsomely, knowing that he would ever after lose the chance of bidding others, if he forfeited his honor on this occasion, by being expelled from the Board. By this operation he lost and I gained a little fortune, and what was of no less consequence, a great accession of reputation, on account of my superior sagacity and foresight.

The affair recommended me to a certain bank, which soon after installed me in the office of its chief broker, that is, furnished me with money to shelve all the good notes which the directors refused to discount at legal interest. In this situation it was that I invented the famous mode of dodging the law against usury, by charging all premiums above the legal interest as a commission for my services.

Being now in a prosperous and honorable situation, I began to sigh for the enjoyment of domestic felicity, as I could now afford myself that extensive luxury. I accordingly, sought a partner, and being guided by prudence, as well as inclination, married a lady of a certain age, who had great family interest. Her father was president of a bank, and three of her uncles bank directors. This at once initiated me into the mysteries of the "Credit System," as it existed at that time.

I at once saw its defects, and my mind again reverted, with increasing force and vigor, to the question of a currency founded exclusively on public credit. It is true, the banks, as they then existed, possessed great advantages in furnishing a currency, two-thirds or three-fourths of which was not represented by real value. Still, this was not the beau ideal of my imagination. I reflected, and believed in the possibility of perfecting the Credit System, so that it should consist solely of credit, without being adulterated by a single particle of real value.

The period was now come for realizing this long cherished vision of my imagination. I was rich in credit and paper money; the great city of Raguamunville was turning with visions of what was going to happen a hundred years hence; and there was such a demand for money, as all the gold and silver mines of the universe could not supply. I had also bank influence; and now set about acquiring political distinction as indispensable to my purposes. I turned a furious democrat, that party being then uppermost; attended every ward meeting; and made speeches in favor of Equal Rights; until by degrees, I rose to be member of the general committee for nominating members of Assembly. When this measure came up, there were so many candidates, and so great a diversity of opinions, that we settled the matter by nominating ourselves, and were triumphantly elected.

It was now that I grasped the reality of what I had so long anticipated. Before proceeding to the seat of government, I had projected a scheme for a bank, founded on the great principle of making money out of nothing; a self-constituted, self-existent, perpetual motion-bank machine, entirely independent of any representative of real value, and which, like a spider, would spin its web for catching flies out of its own bowels. On opening my scheme to several of my confidential friends, who had submitted to the disgrace of being called democrats for a time, in order that they might make use of their support in the attainment of their object, they were delighted with it, most especially when they found that my bank required not a dollar for its specie basis. They eagerly joined me in a memorial to the Legislature, stating that there was a great necessity for an increase of capital in the great city of Raguamunville, and a great surplus capital having no profitable means of investment; and that the applicants being great friends to the Equal Rights of the sovereign people, had come forward actuated solely by the public good, to request a charter, conferring on them certain privileges, which, though the people were prohibited from exercising, were exclusively for their benefit.

This charter, I employed a friend of mine, a lawyer unequalled in drafting laws for the purpose of being evaded, to draw up in such a manner as that it would require no capital to pay up the stock, and authorize the corporation to do directly the contrary of what the Legislature intended. With this, I proceeded, in anticipated triumph, to the fountain of legislation.

On my arrival, I found that almost every member of that honorable body had some scheme or other on the anvil for the public good and in the benefits of which he expected to participate, only, as one of the people, I made it my first object to become acquainted with the individual interests of every member, and set about reconciling them all, if possible. This however, was a task beyond my power to accomplish, and it then occurred to me that though I could not reconcile, I might unite them all, and thus produce perfect harmony. This plan was accordingly adopted, and produced the most beneficial consequences. Each member proceeded on the great and only just principle of reciprocity, that is, each one promised to support every one of these schemes, provided, all the others would support his, and thus the whole batch was carried triumphantly through our honorable body with only three dissenting voices, consisting of three members who had been guilty of the unpardonable negligence of coming thither without a single project for the public good. This was the origin of that great modern improvement in legislation, called log-rolling, of which I flatter myself I am the sole inventor.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

Paris, July 10, 1838.

Democratic Republican Nomination.

FOR GOVERNOR.

JOHN FAIRFIELD.

Democratic Conventions.

A Democratic Convention for the County of Oxford will be held at the Court House in Paris on WEDNESDAY the EIGHTH day of AUGUST next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of nominating candidates for Senators, and County Treasurer for the ensuing political year.

A Democratic Convention for Oxford Congressional District will be held at the same place at one o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, for the purpose of nominating a candidate to represent this District in the next Congress of the United States.

It is requested that each town entitled to a Representative in the State Legislature should send two delegates, other towns and plantations will each send one. By order of the County Committee.

June 11, 1838.

The Sub-Treasury Bill has been defeated in the House of Representatives by 14 majority against it. Its opponents comprise all the friends of a national bank, and those who are devoted to the deposit system. Both these plans have been rejected and rejected by the people. Part suffering his thoughts that a National Bank or the special deposit system are each fraught with too many evils, to deserve the support of the people, and yet notwithstanding our past experience each of these plans has numerous supporters. They have united to defeat the Sub-Treasury Bill and will do so in opposition to any measure that may be proposed, but they will never unite in the support of any measure for the collection and disbursement of the revenue.

The friends of a National Bank are composed of members of the federal party who want its assistance to bring them into power—who would use it as a political machine to purchase friends and crush enemies. They are seeking for the power and corruption of such an institution since they can share the one and enjoy the fruits of the other. In opposition of the people and the absolute control it would exercise over the price of labor and the products of industry, would affect favorably or not all the leaders of that party, and as to the complaints of the common people—the laboring class, they will be little heeded when the yoke is once fitted to their necks. The friends of the deposit system appear less ambitious of power than desirous of profit. They would be content that any body or any party should be in power, which would grant to them exclusive privileges for making money. Deposits the public revenue in their hands and they care not who manages the affairs of government nor how they are managed. The selfish selfishness of this latter class excludes them from the respect of all parties. These two parties actuated by selfishness and ambition have united their forces against the people, their rights and interests. The warfare they are waging is vigorous—desperate. With the means of corruption in their hands and the disposition to use them to the interest, they anticipate an easy triumph over the honest simplicity of the people. They think that if it all the means now in their power they could add the power and patronage of government they should be invulnerable to all attacks. Unhappily the virtue and intelligence of the people has withstood their attempts, and so that abuse we must trust for victory and safety.

The Portland Advertiser speaking of Mr. Fairfield, says: "He has shown himself to be a democrat." This is no great feat. Mr. Fairfield is a man who the people of this State should not vote for him for Governor. He is a man of this very kind that we are disposed to treat his claims to the confidence and support of the people. We also admit that such change can be brought about by Mr. Kent. He has never by word or deed shown himself to be a democrat. No one ever suspected him of possessing democratic feelings or principles. In his appointments he has studiously avoided selecting persons against whom such an accusation could be brought. He has shown himself to be a federalist of the strictest sort, and if this is a recommendation with the people of this State, he is entitled to the benefit of it. This is the true question at issue. Shall democracy or federalism triumph. If the people are tired of federalism, and are willing to yield themselves up to the control of a pure proud aristocracy, let them vote for the federal candidate, and thus help to perpetuate the dominion of the aristocracy of wealth over the democracy of numbers. Maine has never yet shown herself by her votes to be federal nor do we distrust the virtue and intelligence of the people to do this.

CORRECTION. The time is approaching when our County and District Conventions will be held. The State Convention has set us an example of harmony and unanimity which we trust will be universally followed. If to present to the enemy an undivided front. Let perfect fairness and harmony characterize all our proceedings. Let the Democratic ticket receive our entire support. This is not a time for the indulgence of private pretensions, or personal jealousies. The safety of the republic and the liberty of the people are at stake on the issue of this contest. The Bank and its allies have taken the field, determined to spare no effort to obtain the control of the government, so as to direct or corrupt the voice of the people. The utmost exertions are now being made by our opponents to crush the cause of democracy. If that enemies of the people now desecrated to be branded as traitors to the cause of the people. All that choose to put themselves in the market can receive their reward at the hands of our opponents. The funds are raised and where money falls promises will be offered in abundance. We can offer nothing but the reward of an improving conscience to those who fearlessly do their duty, undisturbed by wealth and unswayed by power.

Celebration of the Fourth of July, 1838.

The Democratic Republicans of Paris, and vicinity celebrated the sixty second Anniversary of our National Independence on Paris Hill.

The day was pleasant and the concourse of people large and respectable.

At 11 o'clock A. M. the procession was formed at the "Union House" under the direction of Col. Simon H. Cummings, Marshal of the day, and moved to the Meeting House now partially finished, under the escort of "Paris Rifle Corps," commanded by Capt. David R. Ripley.

After the assembly was seated the throne of Grace was addressed in an impressive manner by Rev. James Hooper, after which the venerable Gentleman made a few appropriate remarks.—The declaration of Independence was read by Isaac Harlow Esq., and a spirited and decidedly party Oration delivered by Charles Andrews Esq. of Turner.—To close the exercises a Select Price of Music was performed by the Choir:—

The procession was then formed again and returned to the "Union House" by N. M. Marble, where about one hundred and sixty persons partook of a Repast rarely found in the County.

After the cloth was removed, Simon S. Stevens Esq. presiding, the following regular Toasts was offered.

REGULAR TOASTS.

1st. The anniversary of the Independence of the United States. On this day we should bring to recollection the Patriotism and manly daring of our fathers; and the blood they spilt to purchase liberty for their posterity.

2d. Union of the States. It must be preserved. In spite of Nullifiers and Abolitionists, "in every season's spite," it will be preserved.

3. Ex-President Andrew Jackson. Has been a bright and leading star in the Political horizon—an undivided patriot in the Cabinet—may his worthy example, his laudable ambition, and eminent virtues, be duly appreciated.

4. The President—the chosen of the people—a true American and efficient Statesman; but abused and vilified by his opponents—may he conquer all his enemies, and closely pursue the footsteps of his illustrious Predecessor.

5. The Flag of the United States—may it wave in the atmosphere of peace, prosperity and plenty.

6. Geo. Washington.—In war a terrible as an army with banners, in peace the angel of peace, he shivered the oppressors' rod, and gave peace, happiness, and freedom, to his country.

7. The surviving Patriots of the Revolution. Your labors and your blood purchased the boon of this festival.—Eat, drink and be merry.

8. The State of Maine.—The winds of Federalism blew; the floods of Nullification came, she fell by accident in '37, to rise with renewed vigor in '38.

9. Gov. of Maine.—Can we say he is honest, capable, and faithful to the constitution?

10. Democrats of Maine.—May they soon become reunited and guide the helm of State—that intriguing and office seeking whigs may return to their dignified retirements in the back ground.

11. Hon. John Fairfield.—The independent Statesman; whom the people of Maine delighted to honor, and whom they will elevate to the highest office in their gift.

12. American Eagle.—May John Bull nor Nicolas Biddle never clip his wings.

13. American Fair.—Armed with innocence wit and beauty their charms are more fatal than an army with banners.

After the Regular Toasts the following among many others were voluntarily given:

By the President of the Day. Late Jonathan Cilley and Timothy J. Carter.—Alike for honesty of heart and purity of sentiment.—While we deeply deplore their loss, may we ever strive to imitate their virtues.

By the Orator. "Paris Rifle Corps." Well untrained, well disciplined, well officered—sure indication of good soldiers, May they ever be a blessing to their friends but a terror to their enemies.

By J. W. Deering. The Orator of the day.—Profound in his remarks, unshaken in Republicanism.

By Dr. T. H. Brown Toast Master. Rifle Corps of Paris—Young, generous and brave.—Democrats now, may they be Democrats forever.

By Dr. Bray of Indiana. The Fair of Maine—the fairest specimen of our Nations fair, May they fairly distribute their fair faces that the West and the South may smile with their beauty, and the Bachelor no longer mourn in solitude.

By I. Harlow Esq. Democracy of Oxford.—They need not the instructions of Massachusetts Aristocracy nor will they be misled by their Silver or Gold.

By Lieut. G. W. Millett. Toryism, Federalism, and Modern Whigism: Parent, Child and Grand child.

By Lieut. E. Dunham. Whigism, May it be as was Jominis Guard; while pure Democracy shall flourish and fill the whole earth.

By a Guest. Democratic Oxford, Her great Bank, mother Earthy her yet Banks, her school houses—May they flourish and ever yield a liberal dividend.

By A. Partridge Esq. Democratic Principles and measures, Feared only by Monarchs and Aristocrats—May their fears equalize them with the rest of mankind.

By S. F. Rawson. The Marshal of the day. His general worth as well as his services this day entitle him to the thanks of every Guest.

By Ensign John Willis. The Union of these United States—May the cement that binds them together continue to do its office.

By Joseph H. King. Earl Kent.—The Sampson of the whig Party of Maine.—the 10th of Sept. next is the day set apart when he shall be shorn of his locks.

By Col. O. Ripley. The North Eastern Boundary.—Let Whigs & Democrats unite & drive the daring foe from our borders.

By Col. O. Ripley. May God Save our country.—Let Banks and whig policy die, and go down to the bottomless pit and never see a resurrection.

Many other valuable sentiments were offered but are omitted for want of room.

OXFORD TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

The Oxford County Temperance Convention met on the 4th instant, at the Meeting House of the Rev. Mr. Chute in Oxford, and was organized by the appointment of Levi Whitman, Esq. of Norway, Chairman, and Hon. Stephen Emery, Jaines S. Keith, and Samuel F. Brown, Esquires, were chosen a committee to prepare subjects for discussion on the occasion. The exercises of the morning were, Invocation by Rev. Mr. Milner, of Norway.—Music by the Choir.—Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Frost, of Bethel.—Music—Address by the Rev. Mr. Davis, of Paris—Music—Benediction.

After an adjournment of one hour, the Convention reassembled, and after prayer by Rev. Mr. Tripp, Judge Emery from the Committee of arrangements reported the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the friends of temperance do not relax their efforts in the temperance reform, but rather redouble their struggles until the victory is complete and the reform universal.

Resolved, That the members of our last Legislature, who exerted their influence and talents for the enactment of wholesome temperance regulations, deserve our approbation and gratitude.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the friends of Temperance to impress the importance of temperance principles upon the rising generation.

Resolved, That a Committee of three be chosen, whose duty it shall be to select and request some suitable person, in each town and plantation in this County, to procure names to a petition, to be addressed and forwarded to the next Legislature of Maine to repeal the present license law; and repress the sale of intoxicating drinks, except for medicinal or mechanical purposes.

Resolved, That complete success in the temperance reform can never be realized, until the new pledge be universally adopted, and total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks become the governing principle.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the friends of temperance in each town in the County to watch over the interest of the cause, and to see that no unauthorized traffic in ardent spirit be carried on with impunity.

Resolved, That we give our support and countenance to temperance taverns and temperance stores.

Resolved, That while temperance men are attempting to resolve all the world into temperance, it becomes them to be altogether consistent and temperate themselves.

Resolved, That the principal causes now operating against the progress of temperance are the love of money, the love of intoxication, and the mistaken opinion that ardent spirit is in some cases necessary.

These resolutions were with great unanimity adopted by the Convention, after a highly interesting and able discussion, in which the following gentlemen took part, viz: Judge Emery, Doct. Gage of Waterford, Sam'l F. Brown, Esq. Jaines S. Keith, Esq. Rev. Mr. Douglass of Waterford, Rev. Mr. Frost of Bethel, Rev. Mr. Milner of Norway, Rev. Mr. Hawkins of Oxford, Rev. Mr. Davis of Paris, Levi Stowell, Esq. Deacon Caleb Prentiss, and Mr. Walton of Paris, and Mr. Ebenezer Jewett of Waterford.

Votes of thanks, to the proprietors of the Meeting House, to the young Ladies of Oxford for their tasteful decorations of the house for the occasion, and to the Choir of singers for their rich musical entertainment, were unanimously passed by the Convention on motion of Judge Emery.

At four o'clock P. M., after prayer and benediction by Rev. Mr. Davis, the Convention separated.

The committee, appointed under the fourth resolution, were Samuel F. Brown, Esq. Doct. Alexander Gage and the Rev. Mr. Chute of Oxford. The next meeting of the Convention will be in Bethel, Rev. Mr. Frost's Meeting House. Committee of Arrangements, Rev. Messrs. Frost and Douglass, and Peter C. Virgin, Esquire.

The inhabitants of Oxford, at Craigie's Mills kindly opened their houses on the occasion, and with much generosity and hospitality received and entertained their friends from neighboring towns.

The exercises of the day were of an elevated and exceedingly satisfactory character, and at its close, as the numerous assembly retired from the house, the smile on every countenance seemed to say "it is good for us that we have been here."—So let the anniversary of American Independence continue to be celebrated and our liberties will be safe.

LEVI WHITMAN, Chairman.

THOMAS CLARK, Secretary.

By vote of the Convention the Oxford Democrat, Christian Mirror, Zion's Advocate, and Wesleyan Journal are requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting. The papers named will please copy from the Democrat.

HIGHWAYS THROUGH UNINCORPORATED PLACES.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me through your columns to call the attention of the community to several gross abuses which have grown up gradually and almost imperceptibly in regard to roads through unincorporated places.

1st. The Agents appointed by the County Commissioners to make these roads have not been required to give bond for the faithful discharge of that duty, and have not been called to strict account for the money which has come into their hands. Men of loose principles have taken advantage of this loose practice to make their fortunes out of the nonresident proprietors. It has given rise to a set of road speculators who combine together, under an agreement to share the spoils; get up a petition for a road go before the Commissioners and swear to its necessity; occupy both ears of the Commissioners while they are viewing the route; having had no actual notice of what is doing, force the road through; get one of their number appointed agent; take jobs under him so that they can clear half or two thirds of the amount; work in a few old debts against poor settlers; cut out a few trees, sprinkle on a little earth to cover up the bad places; put most of the money in their own pockets; complain of the road in a year or two after; get on a new tax and go through again with the same process.

I might not be able to prove in any one case all the particulars above specified, but there are cases where I could prove so many of them that a jury would be apt to infer the rest.

I know some men who will declaim against this article, if they see it, but who dare not call on me to state the facts within my knowledge.

I know that many of the roads through unincorporated places are necessary and proper, I do not doubt the purity of those who petition for them, nor the honesty of some of the agents who make them; I only say that the abuses above described do exist and call aloud for reform.

2d. I would respectfully enquire whether the law for the location of roads in unincorporated places has not been misunderstood and misapplied? Such roads are to be laid out only where public convenience and necessity require it. The Commissioners then have power to determine whether the road shall be made by the owner of the land or by the County; or what proportion shall be built by the owner and what by the County: and the rule of reasonableness is referred to by the law itself as their guide. Under this law roads have been created for the benefit of fifty or twenty families, through an unbroken forest of fifteen or twenty miles in length, the owners of the land have been required to build the whole road, and the men who alone were to be benefited have done nothing but petition and take jobs on the road, frequently under the system of fraud above named. I might state an individual case within my knowledge easily stronger than this.

Yes, Mr. Editor, in a land which boasts of the protection which its laws give to all the rights of men, the laws of property are so far trampled on that the owners of a township of land lose all interest in it the moment some dozen men choose to build log houses on a township behind it. The County Commissioners require taxes levied on the land to open and repair this road, frequently amounting in a few years to the full value of the land. In some cases the land is increased in value by the road; in most cases this advantage is balanced by the facility it affords to the squatter to steal the timber of the proprietor. In an incorporated town where a man enjoys all the blessings of civilization, including the education of his children, his taxes are only a few cents on a dollar, seldom as high as one per cent. per annum. A tract of wild land in an unincorporated place, which yields not one cent of profit to the owner, is often taxed to the amount of twenty or fifty per cent. of its actual value for a road which the proprietors do not want. There are many cases where the tax imposed is so heavy that the proprietors abandon the land rather than pay it.

Mr. Editor, if your house was taxed so heavily that you found it better to set it on fire than to pay the tax, while your neighbor was taxed only a few mills on a dollar, would you call this a country of equal rights?

The great injustice I complain of seems to have arisen in this way. The owners of wild lands have generally been rich men living out of the State. The petitioners for roads have been poor men living in the State. The argument has been that these rich proprietors have money enough to spare and that it is a good thing to bring it into the State and have it expended among the poor settlers.

Things are changed now. The owners of wild land are citizens of our own State; instead of being the richest they are the poorest and most embarrassed class of the community.—They acted in '35 from that same spirit of bold enterprise and daring forecast which in '76 gave freedom to a country and existence to a republic, and which has ever been deemed the brightest feature in the character of the Yankee.—They failed from public and general causes beyond their control and for which they are not responsible. Amid the wreck of their fortunes they seek no sympathy and ask no favors; they carry within them the power of making to-morrow redeem the accidents of to-day.—But they are in a condition to require the protection of justice and of equal laws. They are not able to bear taxation at the rate of fifty per cent. of the value of their land, for the sole benefit of others.

I doubt not that the evils I complain of when fully known, will be corrected—the County Commissioners will do their part, the representatives of the people will do theirs.

Paris, June 29th, 1838.

TITUS.

UNINCORPORATED.

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REFLECTOR No. 3.

There is a wide difference between an individual's becoming a politician by profession, and his taking a part in politics. The former is a matter of choice, the latter of duty. It is the duty of every good citizen, however humble his station in life may be, to take an interest in the welfare of the State, or its politics.

The doctrine that "all is right in politics," is an enormity which, I trust, has no advocates among the members of the democratic party at the present day—open advocates I am sure there are none.—Yet he who has watched the course of events for the last twenty or thirty years, must have been satisfied that there have been in both of the two great political parties into which the country has ever been divided, men whose conduct has indicated, beyond the possibility of a doubt, their determination to square their actions by this revolting principle. And what is most astonishing to the mind of the observer is, that the people who have the discernment to discover, and the power to expose and punish, political knavery, have set down quite quietly under the injuries and indignities they have sustained, as if they were spell-bound. What democrat can contemplate the situation in which this country is placed at this moment, and not resolve that his interests, and the best interests of his country, shall not be put in jeopardy again, without his raising his hand and voice against it—that he will never confide his interests to the care of one who has not given some evidence of the faith that is in him, except by mere words—who has not in some degree, proved his faith by his works. While the whole country is suffering from the treachery of pretended friends, Maine does not escape censure. Humiliating as the reflection is, it is no less true that the "Star" which rose with such brilliancy in the East a few years ago, is worse than blotted from the political firmament. We cannot even control the space it occupied! Let us profit by our dear bought experience, and look well to the future. Let us not forget that to the abuse of Conventions—to the election of Delegates, (not for the purpose of consulting with others on what was for the best interests of the whole,) but to vote for a particular individual and no other person, we may attribute our present position in the political world.

THE PAPER WAR.

One of the principal things on which the friends of Gov. Kent rely to sustain his administration, is the gutting up, about election time, of a feverish excitement on the Boundary Question. Through the smoke and dust of mimic battle they hope to fasten on the State, for another year, an Executive which has the rare merit of being exceedingly valiant on paper. The federalists, by some means or other, have got an idea that the people of this State are absolutely thirsting for British blood, and that nothing would tickle with them like a call to arms. It was with these feelings that the federal majority in the House last winter, got up some resolutions making it the duty of Gov. Kent to run the line in September, if it was not previously done by the General Government—the majority of the Senate had no objections to their passage, and they went through both branches, we believe without a dissenting vote. Being thus fairly mounted on their hobby, they seemed to the federalists nothing to do but to gallop on to victory. To tell, appeared to them to do—and as they made no appropriation for carrying on the war, the inference is that they thought Great Britain would capitulate at once if Gov. Kent only threatened to declare it.

September is close at hand—the General Government has not yet run the line, nor have the British surrendered the territory. Well, now what is to be done? To back out, is to be disgraced—to go ahead, is to be ruined—to stand still is to be laughed at! September is at hand and with it comes the election. Something must be decided on—something done to carry public opinion by storm. The most likely thing we know of is a PROCLAMATION, setting forth what the Governor would do if he could, and what he could do, if—there was nothing to prevent it. We warn the people to be prepared for a signal demonstration on the part of their Palatine-like Governor, who will never be content to take off his official toga until he has beaten Queen Victoria, on paper—and no one of our readers need be surprised, just before election, to wake up in the morning and find the whole State converted into a Military Camp, and Gov. Kent rigged out in regiments, breathing "blood and thunder in his Spillings."—on paper.—Spirit of '38.

THE CONNECTING LINK.

A noisy but not very discreet federalist, last Saturday morning employed a crier to proclaim through our streets the "great news from Washington," that the Sub Treasury bill of the House had been given the go-by. The two branches of the opposition have united on this measure—it was at first the connecting link between them but they are now united in favor of a National Bank, which is still the great question at issue between the federal and the democratic party. The Money Power in Congress has defeated, probably, a single measure out of hundreds which it has not defeated, cannot and dare not defeat. What a great "whig victory." What lugbear will the federalists next raise?

Peace and Good Will.

"Liberator," his determined to dash in pieces, as a potter's vessel, every sect in Christendom. It has already severed the Presbyterian sect in twain; it has commenced the work of division and dissolution in the Methodist Episcopal sect. Like a ponderous giant, it will ultimately tread

The North Eastern Boundary question has assumed a grave and interesting aspect in the U. S. Senate. The discussion on Thursday was of a different character from any that had previously taken place upon the subject. There was a full, free and brief interchange of views on the subject among the Senators in a colloquial form—a form in which all Senate discussions were originally conducted. The result was that the bill was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations with the understanding that it should not pass at this session; but that the committee should make a full, but a pointed, strong and condensed report on the subject in the nature of a manifesto, concluding with a resolution asserting our rights in regard to the Territory in dispute, which will be unanimously adopted by the Senate. No Senator, it appears, has a doubt of the equity and justice of our claim, and not one is disposed to surrender it, whatever may be the hazard of maintaining it.—Saco Democrat.

The voice of Patriotism.—Here is the language used by two of the greatest patriots that ever breathed—one the father of his country, the other the author of that sacred instrument, the Declaration of Independence. And shall the admonitions of these great men go for naught? Shall the splendid government of an aristocracy, founded on banking institutions and money corporation &c., be established at this late day? Fellow citizens, it is with you to decide, the Republican party have ever been opposed to such a scheme, while Henry Clay and his partisans are stretching every nerve in order to effect such an object. Choose ye then between them, and let your future actions indicate your preference.—Del. Gazette.

An evil equally great (occasioned by a paper omission) is the door it immediately opens for speculation, by which the least designing, and, perhaps, most valuable part of the community, is preyed upon by the more knowing and crafty speculators.—[Washington.]

I doubt, whether a single fact, known to the world, will carry as clear conviction, to it of the correctness of our knowledge of the unreasonable views of the Federal party of that day, as that disclosed by this, the most nefarious and daring attempt to disavow the Union, of which the Hartford Convention was a subsequent chapter; and both of these having failed, consolidation becomes the fourth chapter of the next book of their history. But this opens with a vast accession of strength from their younger recruits, who, having nothing in them of the feeling or principles of '76, now look to a single and splendid Government of an aristocracy, founded on banking institutions and money corporation &c., under the guise and cloak of their favored branches of manufactures, commerce, and navigation, riding and ruling over the plundered ploughman and beggared yeomanry. This will be to them a next best blessing to the monarchy of their first aim, and perhaps the surest stepping-stone to it.—Jefferson.

Consistency.—The Federal Force argues that Mr. Fairfield ought not to be elected, because there were a number of members and ex-members of the Legislature in the Convention which nominated him. Pray, man, who nominated Mr. Kent? A Convention, composed ENTIRELY of members of the Legislature, or as you say, of office holders! And many of those very members who nominated him, not contented with the station assigned them by the people, have since been rewarded by Gov. Kent with other and more lucrative offices!

And yet, it seems, that the Democracy of Maine, who have been proscribed by this federal dynasty, and hunted from every office in the State, are to be insulted with the charge of being a party of office holders! And that too by an organ established, owned and conducted by the very men whom this dynasty has pensioned upon the public treasure!—Age.

Hopeless Case. Let no man, who has ever been a democrat, expect favors from the federalists. He may join their host, and carry with him the flag his corps. And his reception will be, to have his pockets picked; himself stripped when there is nothing more to plunder—they will drive him out of their camp. All these indignities, are inflicted on deserters of some note; but of the rank and file, they require active service. That is, they provide a hand cart for his occupation; or set him to sweeping their streets. Like the old Romans, they make slaves of their captives, and put them to servile labor on their estates; or train them as gladiators, for their amusement.—If it were not an invidious and painful task, we could 'show up' the fate of numerous deserters, received at first with acclamations; but, shortly, turned over to their taskmasters and drill sergeants. The poor fellow's independence is soon gone; and when that happens, he is good for nothing, but a slave.

The sense of degradation, so continually felt, depresses the spirit and obscures the faculties of the deserter. He may be a pretty smart fellow when he joins the enemy; but, after a few weeks servitude, "you may lift up your foot to get without fear of his kicking."

A democrat is not only the protector of national independence, but he wears the stamp of personal independence on his brow; and he shows it in his actions. [Boston Morning Post.]

Peace and Good Will, "Abolition" says the "Liberator," his determined to dash in pieces, as a potter's vessel, every sect in Christendom. It has already severed the Presbyterian sect in twain; it has commenced the work of division and dissolution in the Methodist Episcopal sect. Like a ponderous giant, it will ultimately tread

upon the necks of ALL, crushing them beneath its massive feet. The direct and fiercest conflict has not yet commenced; but it will come—and tremendous will that conflict be.

INSTANCES OF FEDERAL WAR-FARE.

"I can't hire LABORERS, so cheap as I used to." A few days since we came in contact with a violent federalist, one of those men who would never be suited with the times, till a poor laborer is compelled, to toil for the offal from a rich man's table. He commenced his remarks by telling us that, "the country would be ruined." He said that, "at a certain time, he had a family, consisting of a wife and children, who were no help to him." [Children, probably that were taught to regard manual labor as degrading drudgery.] He continued—"I supported my family handsomely and laid up five hundred dollars a year."—We asked, "if his neighbors all succeeded as well as he did?" O, no! there were poor devils enough around him? We suggested then that he might have made money a little too fast for the good of his neighbors. Upon this the old man cursed every prominent democrat in the country—said "they were Levelers," and wished to destroy the banks, &c. We replied, "Democracy always espouses the cause of the poor, while it assumes no attitude of hostility towards the rich." We now asked him, what difficulty he found under this Administration.—"Why," said he, "I can't hire LABORERS so cheap as I used to!" This is federalism—and this, the secret of that man's opposition to the present Administration. He wished to eat the bread acquired not by the sweat of his own, but by that of his neighbor's brow. What poor fellow is the, who retails "from sun to sun," that would not start with indignation at such a sentiment? This mean spirited fellow finally concluded in a great rage—"Kent would be re-elected and these Democrats would be silenced!" Reader, this is a true story. We will not make one single comment.—It is enough. Honest Laborer! Have you not in your eye an individual just like the one we have described? Is he not in favor of Edward Kent.

Another Instance. Some weeks since, the federal papers were lavish in their abuse upon HON. JOHN FAIRFIELD, because he had insisted upon an investigation of the murder of his friend and colleague, Mr. Cilley. They alleged that time had been wasted in this investigation—that it had cost the Nation money—just as if a cool calculation should be made of the expense of investigating one of the blackest murders ever committed in this, or any other country—just as if a citizen of Maine, should be gagged, or if he would not submit to this, be hunted down by DESPERATE CUT-THROATS and SULKING ASSASSINS—just as if the State of Maine should submit to this, without exposing the perpetrators; because—these murderers are the LEADERS of the FEDERAL PARTY, and because the investigation would cost the Nation a little money! But reader, would you believe it?—These same federal papers have changed their tone, and are now abusing Mr. Fairfield, because he did not keep the subject LONGER under consideration in the House of Representatives at Washington. For Heaven's sake,—what would these men have?

Immediately after the Democratic State Convention, lately held at Augusta, the Portland Advertiser published a Letter purporting to have been written by a Member of said Convention.—This Letter abused the Hon. John Fairfield and falsely represented that some portion of the Democratic party was disaffected at his nomination. It turned out that the Letter was a BASE and CONTEMPTIBLE FORGERY, got up by the scribbles of the Advertiser, who now surround that paper, each adding a fresh heap of filth, to that already rotten and loathsome nucleus of corrupted federalism.

These "instances of federal warfare, are taken at random among thousands of a similar kind, now poured out by the federal party. We shall continue them as we have leisure. Our object is to give our readers a concise view of the Warfare now waging against the friends of Democracy. We think the reader will conclude with us, that it is a desperate cause which requires such opposition.

THE DIVIDING LINE. The people will be called upon at the approaching election to take ground for Henry Clay, a National Bank and Edward Kent, or to support Martin Van Buren, and John Fairfield, and by supporting them to oppose the establishment of another National Bank. Will the people govern themselves, or will they be ruled by the Bank and Money Power, is the question.—Bangor Democrat.

A GOOD ILLUSTRATION. A Democrat and a federal opponent in conversation—the Democrat remarked, "we shall all pull on one rope this fall." "Yes," said his opponent, "you have a strong team but no leaders." "True, true," was the rejoinder, "and we want none but the people." This is it—one branch of the federal party timely submit to be led by the nose of their masters, and the other branch, the "entity of recent origin," set up for themselves because the people will not submit to their mandates and acknowledge them as leaders. This tells the whole story.

The vote of the Maine delegation on the Independent Treasury Bill, in the House, was as follows, viz.—Yens, Messrs Fairfield, Parris, Davee and Anderson—4. Nays, Messrs Evans, Robinson and Noyes—3.—Saco Democrat.

A THUNDER CLAP. A turncoat, with a good deal of self-consequence, entered a shop in this city a few days since in high spirits and with loud denunciations of the Administration on his lips. After he had concluded his rhapsody, a democrat standing by quietly asked him, "Mr. — how do you find the federal party—about as you left it?" Mr. "three convention man" turned pale with rage, and left the store. N. B. Mr. — left the federal party a few years since and has now returned to his old friends.—Bangor Democrat.

Speaking of 4th of July, reminds us of a conversation, which took place not long since, between a venerable Irishman of 102 and a veteran American of 90, about the origin of the 4th of July. "I can remember," said Pat, "the first 4th July day there ever was in the world." "My memory won't go so far back as that," said Jonathan, "but I can remember the first 4th July day that ever was in this country, as plain as though 'twas yesterday."

The New Haven federalists have removed the City Horse Driver from office because he was a democrat.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office at Portland, Me., June 24, 1838. ANDREWS A.—Bailey Sarah M.—Bailey Abigail—Brewster John—Butterfield Isaac—Bryant Andrew—Cummings Joseph—Crooker Otis—Dale Benjamin—Field Amel—Goodenow J. K.—Harvey Ephie—Hove Jesse—Jordan Lucinda—King George—Leach Jacob B. 2.—Manda Jonathan—Mayo David—Norton W. B.—Patt Stephen—Pruitt Joseph—Rust J. G.—Robinson Preston—Steven Thomas—Sturtevant Saml A.—Sweet Israel Jr.—Swan Foxwell—Spratt Mary—Stowell Thomas N.—Tutwell Moses—Whitcomb Joseph—Wesport Frederick—Wescott Clement—Wadhams F. C. & Co.—Weeks Charles. G. W. MILLET, P. M.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss.—July 2, 1838. TAKEN on execution and to be sold at Public Vendue on Saturday the 10th day of July at ten o'clock P. M. at the farm of William B. Erv, Esq. in the town of Fryeburg, all the right in Equity which William Quinby has to redeem the following described real estate situated in said County, to-wit: Turner, in said County, being part of a mortgage to Joseph Howard, Treasurer of the town of Fryeburg, dated 20th July, 1829, for the sum of one hundred dollars in one year and interest.—Recorded Vol. 14th, pages 353 and 6, Oxford Records, Western District. Reference to be had for a description of the property to the above mortgage. The above property was offered for sale at the County of Oxford, on the 24th day of June, 1838, at the place of sale. J. B. MERRON, Deputy Sheriff. Fryeburg, July 2, 1838.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss.—Taken on execution, the same having been attached on the original writ, and will be sold at Public Vendue on Saturday the 10th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the lot of Cal Samuel Merrill in Fryeburg, all the right in equity which Seth Liner of said County, has in and to a certain piece of land near Dixfield Village, with the buildings thereon, which he now occupies. Terms of sale made known at the time and place of sale. J. B. MERRON, Deputy Sheriff. Dixfield, July 6, 1838.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss.—Taken on execution, the same having been attached on the original writ, and will be sold at Public Vendue on Saturday the 10th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the lot of Cal Samuel Merrill in Fryeburg, all the right in equity which Seth Liner of said County, has in and to a certain piece of land near Dixfield Village, with the buildings thereon, which he now occupies. Terms of sale made known at the time and place of sale. J. B. MERRON, Deputy Sheriff. Dixfield, July 6, 1838.

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At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the twenty sixth day of June in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-eight—HANNAN PURKIS named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of John Parkins late of Fryeburg in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also his own private account against said estate.

Ordered, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the 25th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge. Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the twenty sixth day of June in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-eight—LEVI LUDEN Administrator of the estate of Jacob Luden late of Canton in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also his own private account against said estate.

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the 25th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge. Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty sixth day of June in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-eight—TIMOTHY CHESON Administrator of the estate of Benjamin Blake late of Brownfield in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also his own private account against said estate.

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg in said County, on the 25th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge. Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

ISAAH DUNHAM.

late of Paris in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment to, and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to.

LONA H. HOUGHTON, Turner, June 26, 1838.

JOSHUA HOUGHTON.

late of Turner, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment to, and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to.

LONA H. HOUGHTON, Turner, June 26, 1838.

EDMUND H. SHAW.

named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Solomon Shaw late of Paris, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also his own private account against said estate.

Ordered, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg in said County, on the 25th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge. Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty sixth day of June in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-eight—HENRY RUST named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Ephraim Durava late of Norway in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also his own private account against said estate.

Ordered, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the 25th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge. Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

REUBEN WRIGHT.

Administrator of the estate of Eldridge Brewster late of Jay, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also his own private account against said estate.

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield in said County, on the 25th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge. Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

STRAY COLT.

COMMITTED to Pound on Monday the 25th inst. in Gray Horse Colt three or four years old, with dark mane and tail, which the owner may obtain by proving property and paying charges on application to JOSEPH WILSON, Pound keeper of Oxford, Oxford, June 26th, 1838.

